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HELL IN AN UPROAR

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NOT

German Propaganda
By A DAMSITE

And 50 Other Tales in
Prose and Verse



**A Medley of Sneers
and Laughter**

WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY F. E. B.

All over cost of production of First Edition
to Red Cross and kindred societies

AGENTS WANTED

TOO OLD TO FIGHT, I WRITE

BENNETT PUB. CO.
Port Huron,
Michigan



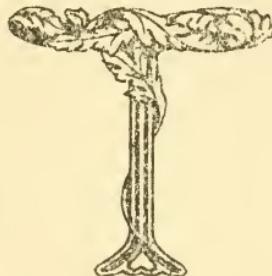
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1846 - 1918

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FRED E. BENNETT

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Armenia
1918
12, 18

DEDICATED

To red blooded Americans everywhere, who are giving the "Beast of Berlin" and his Satellites a taste of Virginia's motto, "Sic Semper Tyrannis"—*Ever so to tyrants.*

A ten dollar note, pledged to Red Cross, for any line in this work from cover to cover, that unbiased opinion of competent judges can show to be offensive to most devout christian or loyal American, regardless of nationality or previous condition of servitude.

FOREWORD

As one of the first to urge by voice and pen PREPAREDNESS—and a consistent advocate of Americanism—when it evoked the cynical sneer of the yellow streaked pacifist and constituted bad business policy, if not crime, to so advocate it, when pro-Germanism and pacifist yammerings were the order of the day, and patriotism to a certain extent lay dormant, to the days when Hun Americans were so blatant and self-assertive, that being 100 per cent American and not ashamed to own it, brought on a Hun boycott that has lasted for over 3 years, is one reason why this little book has been compiled and put out, with the hope that it will bring home to Americans just what America is “up against.” “Idiotic Yankees,” in the light of past events, was not so far from the mark or Von Pappen, the author of the title and the gang of sneaking spies and ingrates he trained with, would probably have been given a dose such as Germany would have given them under similar circumstances had their activities been against her as they were used against the land that had thrown wide its portals to the oppressed of every nation, had opened up to them golden opportunities for wealth,

liberty and all the benefits that the blood, starvation, deprivation and misery of those gone before had vouchsafed to all who cast in their lot with us. Our churches, schools, colleges, our billions of fertile acres, our mountains of coal and ore, not an avenue was closed to them, yet this horde of ingrates and the sycophantic slimy parasites thrived and fattened in office, largely due to the votes of these misfit counterfeit Americans, and in every movement of their reptilian makeup, did all that our worst enemies could be expected to do to hamper and frustrate our efforts to proclaim to the world that we were not a nation of poltroons.

When the machiavellianism of "The Beast of Berlin" and his cohorts of blundering, wooden-headed sneaks, by tactics beneath the contempt of an amateur in sneakery, did their silly best to embroil us in trouble with peoples whom we were anxious to aid, peoples that our quiescence led to believe (when pounded into their ivory domes by the blundering Hun) were "too proud to fight" got the surprise of their lives, when we moved on Vera Cruz, so it is let us hope with Germany and Germans who are even now coming to see that there is a good deal of truth in that old adage "coming events cast their shadows before."

OLD GLORY

“Old Glory” theme of the song we sing,
Battle scarred flag we love,
Insult to it, we will quick resent.
And while it waves above
Though war we abhor, if fight we must,
To arms we will quickly fly,
And as oft before in days of yore
Keep “Old Glory” waving high.

Then its hip, hip, hip, as we march along,
For “Old Glory” hip, hip, hurrah ;
Our pride you are in time of peace,
In war our guiding star,
And where you lead we follow on,
For we love each starry fold,
As our fathers did, in the “long ago,”
In troublous times of old.

Our homes, our schools, our marts of trade,
O'er our loved on land or sea,
Where ere your folds float on the breeze,
You're the flag of the brave and free.
When the bugles call to the colors all,
Tho' our loved we leave in tears,
For the right we'll fight as our fathers did
For “Old Glory” raise our cheers.

F. E. B.

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN

Arranged for Megaphone

Michigan, my Michigan,
 Gem of the inland seas;
The geysers that don't love you
 R bloomink 'ard to please.
Your girlie girls for beauty
 Can nowhere be surpassed;

Your boys for manly sport of any kind
 R seldom found outclassed;
And when it comes to love of Home,
 Country, Flag or Cause that's Right,
U will find but few among 'em,
 Who R "Too Proud to Fight."

F. E. B.

JIM'S AT THE FRONT

There is a kind of settled gloom—
A sort of all-day valley-mist—
That has a hold, in every room,
Like some unseen antagonist.
And all about the house and farm
The simple joys that were our wont,
Have disappeared or lost their charm,
Since Jim, our Jim, went to the front.

I watched the wife a while ago,
Setting the table for our tea.
Deep lost in thought, with movements slow,
A place for her, a place for me.
And, as in days that have gone by,
The old accustomed place for Jim;
Then, with a smothered sob and sigh,
She stopped and tried to joke of him.

Oh, she is brave! I've tried and tried
A hundred times to do the same,
And simulated joy and pride
That Jim, our Jim, had "played the game."
And all the while my heart is sore,
And all the while I know that she,
Prays for the only child she bore,
And adds a postscript prayer for me.

Last Sunday at the fall of night,
Another to our fireside came,
And almost in a manner light
And frivolous she spoke his name.
“It’s all right, dear old Mum,” she said.
“Old Jimmie knows a thing or two,
Don’t you go worrying your head,
I know the old chap will pull through.”

But when I’d taken down the Book,
And read the lesson for the day,
She took in her’s, old hands that shook,
And knelt between us both to pray,
Then, to my heart of hearts I felt
The strong faith of her youth pass out,
And words forsook me as I knelt,
For I had deadened hope with doubt.

I know that sobs came to me there;
I know I trembled on my knees;
I know I stumbled through the prayer—
“Do with him, Lord God, as You please;
But keep him worthy of his race,
And the traditions made for him!”
But she, with love-light in her face,
Prayed simply—“Make us worthy Jim.”

(Anon)

ASSURANCE

God bless our boys now battling with our Allies 'cross
the sea,

To free a world now suffering from Kulchured cruelty.

Our Army, Navy, Doctors, Nurses, God bless them
every one;

For them we'll bear each burden, until victory is won.

Each stitch we sew for loved ones, comfort for loved
ones knit,

Has our love and fondest wishes sewn or knitted into
it.

Our pride you are, our love goes with you, wherever
you may be;

In camp, on briny billow, or "somewhere" across the
sea.

For humanity our battle—on "Our Flag" there is no
stain;

May God be with our loved ones until we meet again.

F. E. B.

UPHOLD THE FLAG, "THE STARRY FLAG"

Uphold the Flag, "The Starry Flag,"
Let no weakling wails prevail.
Or dastard act besmirch "Our Flag"
When foreign foes assail.

As manly men, let's "play the game,"
As did those gone on before,
Uphold the Flag bequeathed us,
Upheld in days of yore.

Then when we cross the "Big Divide,"
And meet friends face to face,
See their smile of approbation,
Not their sneer at our disgrace.

F. E. B.

AMERICA

With due apologies to Von Pappen et al

Home of the "Idiotic Yankee,"
Likewise home of the brave and free,
The land that ties strings on no man
No matter whom he may be,

If Fatherland or Motherland
Has gyves or ropes on you,
Tho it breaks our "idiotic Yankee hearts"
We'll gladly bid you all adieu.

Have always held the "glad hand" out
To all—be they serf or slave,
Have divied up the best we had,
What more can any crave.

F. E. B.

FADDER, MUDDER AND ME

Yust lisden mein friends, while dot shtory I tell,
Boud dot treep dot we took, I remember id vell,
Fon dot fadderland far across der blue sea,
Der treep dot vas tooken by fadder, mudder und me.
Ven I wass a kid, mein fadder vould say,
I vas sig of dot fadderland und ve soon go avay.
We here geds "Verboten," to der Kaiser mus' bow,
Uf I had der price I vould leave id righd now.

Soon by und by we geds tiggets, to go by der ship,
Und id didden dake long to pack oop und shkip.
For all dot we had, ve could pud in a bag,
Und our money carry easy rolled oop in a rag.
Vell; we travel by Yimminy, von whole nighd by der train,
Und ven id come mornink we travel again,
'Til fadder who vas loogin, said to mudder und me,
Loog!—dere vas der ship dot ve go by der sea.

Soon we ged to dot ship righd avay preddy quig,
But der shmell of dot steerage id mage us all sig,
So glad vas ve all to leave dot dear fadderland,
Dot ve shtig by dot steerage, tell id shmell und be d—d.
So beeg lige a house vas dot ship, bud vas longer,
Limburger shmell shtrong, but dot steerage shmell
shtronger,
Bud no lane vas so long, dot no turn has dey tell,
Und we soon cross der ocean, leave dot signess und shmell.

You bet ve vas glad, fadder, mudder und me,
Ven ve see dot "Liberty Goddess" shtan' dere by der sea.
Dot Goddess I betcha, vas mos' a mile high,
Und der torch dot she hol lit oop der whole shky.
Fadder say dot she hold id, so mudder und me
Could see dot home of der brave und dot land of der free.
Dese mage mudder so habby, she yust sing mit joy,
Boud dot lan' dot vas fair, in der sveed bye und bye.

Vell ve come by New Yor-rik und fadder got vork,
Mudder go scrubbing for Chink, Jap or Turk.
'Till soon ve haf money und fadder he buy,
Von leedle saloon dot fill us mit joy.
Fadder geep sober, mage odder mens drunk,
Und soon we haf money vould fill a beeg trunk.
Den fadder got der pig head und says he, "By Gob,"
Vat I vant iss a politicar yob.

Vell, mit inflooence he geds id, you bet he feel big,
Mit a head lige a coco nut, yust so fat lige a pig,
Mudder veear dimon's, fadder veear a plug hat,
Mutts gall im alderman, vat you tink aboud dat.
Yust ven things vas so smooth, lige der wool on a cat,
Dis damn war id shtards oop, right off by der bat.
Den you bets we shtig oop, fadder, mudder and me,
For fadderland und Kaiser, across der blue sea.

Der Kaiser not shtard id, not vas id der Hun,
All dot he und we vants vas earth, planets und sun,
Mudder vas so mad boud dot war when she hear
Dot der Kaiser don' claim der whole atmosphere.
Vass Mudder mad; holy shmoke you should see
Vat mudder she did to fadder und me.
Said for fadderland und Kaiser she'd die;
For der land of limburger vould be a goot shpy.

Told fadder und me, efry way dot ve could,
Gif dem Allies der vorst, for der Kaiser "mage good."
Tell us both lie lige blazes efry time dot we shpeaks,
Mage believe ve vas friends while ve always was shneags.
Did ve do id? Look by der papers und see by your eye,
How we blow up dem factories und bridges shky high.
You bet dere vas plendy, lige fadder, mudder und me,
Who say tc hell mit "Old glory" und der land of der free.

F. E. B.

WOULDN'T IT JAR YOU

Have you ever stood on the dock at New York, Boston or other sea ports and watched a drove of emmigrants disembark from Hamburg liners? Note the antedeluvian garments worn by them, the cute little "back number" trunks and carpet bags that held their all in goods and chattels, and, as they followed an emigrant agent up to where they got aboard an emigrant train enroute to their destination. "Wouldn't it jar you" to think that such a bunch, liberated from the thraldom of militarism, from the bowing and scraping to arrogant, cynical prigs, equipped with rat sized brains and peacock sized vanity, whose only title to greatness was that inbreeding had turned the one time plebian red corpuscles that coursed through their anatomy blue, that these haughty parodies on manhood and those of their kind, had for generations lived on the fat of the land and dressed in purple and fine linen, while the bunch in the emigrant car were—well, take a slant at 'em and then think that from the time they came into the world there never was a minute that those domineering, gold laced, imbred monstrosities did not own and control their every movement and run them just as a wandering mountebank owns the performing bears he leads with a ring in his snout. Then, if like the writer, you had for a few years done your share towards making America a land of peace and plenty, had fought Indians, rebels and Mormons, wouldn't it jar you to, or could you conceive by the widest stretch of imagination that (take another look at that emigrant train) with the Goddess of Liberty, with torch aloft, still in plain vew, anything in human guise could ever be tempted to—but as Shakespeare put it:

I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

F. E. B.

HOW HUNS CRUCIFIED A KITTEN

All lovers of animals will shudder at this part of Harvey Johnson's story, told in the American Magazine. Johnson is a 14-year-old boy who has fought "over there," and in telling of his experience he says:

"Talking about animals makes me think of something I'll never forget if I live to be a hundred. You've heard what the Germans have done to men and women, and even to babies. And mebbe this won't seem much alongside of these things. But—well. Somehow it seems to me the meanest piece of deviltry a grownup man could stoop to.

"It was down on the Somme, when we were pushing the Germans back. We came into a ruined village close behind them, and I saw a broken tree trunk lying across a pile of bricks. And on that tree trunk was a kitten—and it was crucified there! I guess you'd call it crucified! Three of its little paws were fastened to the wood with bayonets. The fourth was hanging free—and the little thing was still mewing. Oh, Gee! You know, you just looked at that little kitten and you wanted to cry! Of course I was a man and I didn't. But you don't know how that made me feel. Can you think of men doing a thing like that? I suppose they figured that we'd believe they were regular devils, and be afraid of them. They ain't got the right kind of sense. We did think they were devils, all right. But you'll fight that kind of devil and wish you had a hundred hands to do it with."

MEIN SON GOTLEIB

Mein son Gotleib vas read me by der paber dot Yermany vas nod so mooch ven id come by invensions.

Dot we vas quiger stealing oder men's brains, der paber id say, dot ve not invension dot flyink machine. Dot der flyink masheen und der boat vat goes mit der vater on der top of id yust so vell as id go mit der vater on der bottom of id, vas gome from Ameriga, where dot funnygraft vot talks und mages sveed moosic come from. Dis paber id say dot dem masheen to plough und cut der wheat by der wholesale und dot sewink macheen or dot telephone or dot telegraph to go mit wire or go mit air, id vas not invensioned by Yermany. But let me asg you kindly, did dot "scrap of paber" dot set der vorld on fire come from Ameriga or vas id invensioned by Yermany, to show der vorld dot Yermany vas shmart enough to mage treachery a fine art lige moosic or painting? Yermany did not want dis war til der time vas ripe, den she touch off dat "scrap of paber," und by yimminey der blaze lit oop der vorld. Did Yermany invension dot "scrap of paber?" Asg dem Allies who invensioned cutting off baby's hands und invensioned cutting dem tongues from der baby's mothers so dey vould haf troubles of their own und not be able to mage so mooch fuss over der baby's—Yermany did. It vas Yermany dot crucify dem captured soldiers to keep dem quiet. Vas it Yermany dot invensioned new methods of spreading misery, blight and desolation ober der vorld? I guess maybee dot paber not so shmard when id say Yermany vas not so mooch by invensions, eh?

F. E. B.

HELL IN AN UPROAR

The Earl of Hell to his imps one day,
Called them to him and thus did say:
Skip up on earth and bring to me
The meanest, measliest cur you see.
Just wait, said he, as he took a look
Through the asbestos pages of his memorandum book—
Soon a jealous gleam shot from his eye,
He slammed shut the book, roared get this guy:—

His imps expectant, still standing 'round,
The Earl switched his tail, 'n' roared 'n' growled:
Why in Helligoland wait! Go get him quick,
For beating me to it, I'll make him sick,
There is but one Hell and I'm its chief,
Won't play second fiddle to that sneak thief.
Here, Nero (his aide) drew the Earl's attention
To the fact that the name of the guy
He had failed to mention:
Helen D. Amnation, roared the Earl, I thought you
wiser,
Whom could I mean, but that beast, the Kaiser.

F. E. B.

BY A DAM SITE

*“Two minds with but a single thought, two hearts
that beat as one.”*

By a dam site I am sitting,
(Huns have blown the dam away)
Sitting thinking of my girlie,
And a little cottage gray.
As I ponder, memory wanders,
To that loved one 'cross the sea.
Of the words I said to her
And the words she said to me.

Said I —— —— —— —— the Kaiser,
Language fails me said she,
Its the —— —— —— Kaiser
That takes you from me.

The mad dog of Europe
The Beast of Berlin,
To let him liver longer
Is a crime and a sin.
And etc., etc., etc.

Yes, I replied, he's a beast all right, all right,
And overlooked a bet, when he thought we wouldn't
fight,
For we're long on vitality, and when we hit our stride,
The mad dog and his litter, will need a place to hide.

F. E. B.

*Man fearlessly his voice for truth should raise,
When truth would force its way in deed or word,
Whether the popular voice of unbelief is heard,
Like the first martyrs, when his voice arose
Distinct above the hissing of his foes.*

—Phoebe Cary.

TRUTH

A Treatise on Vampires.

Truth impels me, my friends, this tale to unfold.
It relates not to stacks of silver or gold;
Not of broad acres or mountains of coal.
It tells of those wrongs that harass the soul.
That harass the soul of those with loved ones now
fighting
“Somewhere in France,” wrongs of humanity right-
ing.
Of vampires at home as heartless as shrimps;
Price hoisting “white slavers” as souless as pimps.
No traitors today outside of prison and camps
Do more to defeat us than those snake blooded vamps.
If we would win this war with the Huns,
The treatment for grafters should be hemp, lead pills
and guns.

F. E. B.

NEVER AGAIN

Never again on land or sea
Should favor be shown to Germany,
With the world at large
 The Hun's "in bad"—
Forfeited every right he had.
No crime too cruel for a Hun to do,
To honor long since Huns bade adieu.
Despised and hated, while time shall last,
For the treacherous sneaks
 The die is cast.

F. E. B.

EDITH CAVELL

German kulture, fit for vulture,
Be anathema evermore,
German hordes forever banished,
Far from every friendly shore,
Death, Devastation, Desolation
Be their award for dastard deed
That made a world with horror gasp,
And curse the whole inhuman breed.

In distant ages yet to come,
Wherever freedom's baanners float,
On mainland, island, sea or ocean,
Be it near or far remote,
This dastard deed we'll not forget,
Wherever manly men may dwell,
"Twill nerve each man to do his duty,
Avenge, avenge, Edith Cavell.

F. E. B.

SAMMY

The Declaration of Independence tells us that we hold these truths self evident—that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Our brave, brainy, loveable boys over here and “over there” are clearly demonstrating with our brave Allies, that these truths are worth fighting for and if need be, worth dying for, demonstrating to their bullet-headed foes that RIGHT always has sooner or later won out against MIGHT. The world at large (Huns excepted) gladly and ungrudgingly concede that the boys from North America and from that other new world at the antipodes (Australia) are in a class by themselves and (for bravery and every essential that makes for warriors) men equal to any that history tells us of, and this, regardless of the fact that they are handicapped with a silly kindergarten name adapted to children, Sammy. For virile, red-blooded scrappers equal to the best in the world, no wonder they hate it. It is the one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

As one said not long since to me: Sammy! why don't they call us sissies and let it go at that. Say, Fred, does that look like a sissies' fist, and he shut up a fist that looked like a ham, crooking his elbow until his biceps swelled up like the hump on a camel. Sammny, he sneered! Tom, said I, don't you know that “a rose by any other name would smell just as sweet.” That may be, he replied, but us fellows ain't no roses or sweet violets, or we would not get a “look in” in army, navy, marines or any other branch of the service, without a pull. But, so long, Fred, its me for old Camp Meade and the Sanitary Corps. So long S-a-a- Tom, and the best of luck. Be sure and write me, Tom. I want you on my list of thoroughbreds. I sure will and he did.

MEMO

In the early stage of the war or, to be exact, fall of 1914, when an outraged world got its first glimpse of Prussian duplicity, bestiality, brutality and egotism of the Beast of Berlin, a friend of mine handed me a pamphlet entitled, "The War that Was Foretold." At that time, even England was not fully aroused and Italy had not declared war. So vividly were pictured coming events in this pamphlet, written by a master hand, Mr. Robert Blatchford, editor of the Clarion, a Socialist magazine published in England, that everything that has transpired came in just as the pamphlet forewarned it would. Mr. Gerard in his writings bears out everything Mr. Blatchford foretold. And when I bade good-bye to some of the "Princess Pats" I did so instinctively feeling that they were going to their doom. Der Faderland was written and distributed among the boys of the next contingent, and to the few that seeped back to—— I attribute the boycott. I made the mistake of thinking that Hun-Americans and Americans were the same breed. I have lived long enough to know better, in fact have known better for over three years. There are many loyal German-Americans and alas and alack several that would applaud the dear motherly old soul, who when asked, should America be drawn into the war, said, "I' vould shtig a knife in mein besht neighbor's back for Der Faderlandt."

F. E. B.

TRUE AMERICANS

War against wrong; war for the right.
For blessing of freedom are willing to fight.
Have no use for quitters; no use for a sneak;
No use for the cur with a yellow streak.
For kiddies, their mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives,
Our brothers, sons, lovers, are now giving their lives.
If our brothers must face shrapnell shells, poison, gas,
Why not death to all traitors and sneaks of that class,
Who sneer at our efforts to insure them freedom and
wealth,
Yet plot to frustrate and destroy us by stealth—
Get the HUN or the HUN will get you.

F. E. B.

A. P. GARDNER,
Sixth District of Massachusetts

W. W. LUFKIN,
Secretary

COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Washington, D. C.

May 7, 1917.

F. E. Bennett,
My Dear Sir:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your postcard on the subject of True Americans which I have read with interest.

A. P. GARDNER,

When Hon. A. Peabody Gardner, whose body today is in Arlington cemetery, Washington, D. C., as proof positive that he was a "True American," could find time and his innate courtesy prompted the above, why could not others have done the same—echo answers, Why?

George A. Hubbell, Ph. D.,
President

William S. Shields,
Treasurer

LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY
HARROGATE, TENNESSEE

A Living Memorial Sustained by a Grateful People

May 11, 1917.

Mr. Fred Bennett,
Port Huron, Michigan.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your patriotic message to our students.

Cordially yours,

WALTER E. BRYSON,
Secretary of the University.

WHY WAS IT

When "True Americans" merited a reply from this university when it came to it, merely written on a postal card, that some of our pacifist congressmen and public men could not or did not accord it the same courtesy, when the writer took especial pains to write it plainly and distinctly on similar postal cards to the one forwarded Lincoln University, and in the case of Bryan forwarded him one to three different cities, was it a breach of etiquette or what?

UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION
Washington, D. C.

June 29, 1918.

Mr. F. E. Bennett,
Port Huron, Michigan.
My Dear Mr. Bennett:—

Mr. Hoover has asked me to thank you for your recent letter telling of some of your activities. We are now

getting to the place where everybody must do the best he can and preach the gospel that every action of life should be based on its relation to the battle line in Europe. This not only applies to food, but to any place where there is waste of any kind, including energy. You already seem to be doing your bit, and I know that anything that is done to cheer up the boys at the front is very much appreciated.

Faithfully yours,
U. S. FOOD ADMINISTRATION,
Educational Division,
By T. A. Ellis.

FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL

As a stalwart pleasant faced man, unmistakably German, seated himself beside me in the car, I said to him smilingly, "You look Chicago to me." He gave me "the once over," and said: "I vas Sheecago, vas you?" "No," I replied, "not now. Though I lived there for many years, know it from Evanston to Robey, and will always have a warm spot in my heart for the old burg, and pleasant memories of it." "She some town," said he; "I live there twendy-three years, plendy good enough for me."

From this we drifted to war topics, and, thinking I was treading on thin ice, I felt my way very circumspectly until my friend by a word or two he let fall, "wised" me up to the fact that whatever else he might be, he had but little use for Germany.

This was his story: When I was a young man I put in three years in the army or reserves, the same as the rest, was bullied and bullyragged until when I quit I made up my mind it was "never again" for me, but it was not long before I received notice to hold myself in readiness to

join on again as my services were needed as an instructor in pontoon and other bridge work. I told my mother I was going to jump the job and get out of the country. My good old mother said: "You know best August, but they will make it hard for me, mein son." I told her I would make a home for us in Holland. It was not long before they made her life a hell, to try and get my whereabouts from her, and it was not long before she *died of a broken heart*, because I was posted as a deserter. She did manage to warn me through a friend never to go back and I never did. A friend of mine whose time did not expire for a year or so after mine, was not so lucky, however, as, when he was discharged, a soldier friend went to the depot to see him off. To his friend's dismay, he said the army can go to —— for me now. An apparently innocent bystander (a spotter) overheard him, and, tapping him on the shoulder bade him go with him, and he got nine years at hard labor for it, and I heard he died in prison. This country is good enough for me and I have two sons enlisted, one in the Army and one in the Marines. This country makes it harder on loyal citizens of German descent, by not cinching the disloyal ones. Some nice strong rope for them would be right, and I would like to see them get what is coming to them. I guess you see by the casualty lists some German names as well and as many as those of other nationalities and any idiot that wants some of the same medicine I got ought to be made to go to Germany and get it.

F. E. B.

N O T **German Propaganda**

In the pages of this book
If the covers don't convince you,
Just inside take a look.
Of German propaganda
For years we've had our fill,
Have heard it in the valley,
Have heard it on the hill,
Have had it hot for breakfast,
Though not on the bill of fare;
Have heard it on the street,
Have heard it everywhere.
It's time we got our hammer out
And, were not afraid to use it,
On Boche or Hun or anyone
Who got a welcome to our land
Simply to abuse it.

F. E. B.

BELSHAZZER UP-TO-DATE

Chapter 1

When Belshazzer, back yonder, in days iv old,
Et what grub he et offen plates iv gold.
He thot he was "It" with a capital "I"
'Till a line on tha wall he chanced ta spy.
When he red what it sed in some foreign tung,
He felt like a man what's lost a lung.
"Mene, Mene Tekal Upharsin," was writ on tha wall,
So calling his lickspittal toady's great an' small,
Sez he ta the bunch of 'em, answer me quick,
Which one of you Muts was it done that trick?
Nary one answered, but one of 'em ran
En brung in a fortune teller ez wuz knowed ez Dan.

Chapter 2

Well—inta tha dinin' room Dan'l wuz brot,
"Mene, Mene, Tekal Upharsin" his eye soon caught.
An' bein' a profit, he wrinkled his brow;
Stud lookin' wise for a minnit, then med a bow.
Ta Belshazzer an' sez he "Ol Scout"
This is tha meanin' ez I makes it out.
Iv "Mene, Mene Tekal Upharsin," them words on tha
wall,
Yeh've bin gittin' too chesty, an' is doo fer a fall.

Chapter 3

Now you alls knows that all bibles tell
How Nebikidnezzer, Belshazzer's dad, fell,
To whar he kep comp'ny with sheeps, oxens an' asses,
An' his diet e'nsisted of 'erbs, grain an' grasses,
Mene, Mene, etcetera for der Kaiser, is now on tha
wall,

An' means Kaiser Bill is doo fer a fall.

So far an' fast will he fall, it will make of him meat,
An' he'll need neither 'erbs, grain or grasses to eat.

F. E. B.

SAND

No hurdle you may have to jump,
But others have jumped before,
It is up to you, to clear 'em or flunk,
As others have done of yore.
So as you reach them one by one,
By them be not dismayed,
You're chances of winning are ten to one
If you tackle them unafraid.
Tho dark the way, the hurdles high,
Tho chances of winning seem few,
An adage old and oftentimes used,
May prove of use to you.
'Tis "what man has done, still man may do,"
Take from me this friendly tip,
Put on more speed, don't loose your nip,
And you'll pull safely through.

F. E. B.

SCOTCH SERMON

The dominie of a little Presbyterian kirk, 'way up in the north woods, being too ill to preach, called on one of his deacons to conduct the services and take his place in the pulpit. McDougall, the deacon, was a typical Scot and a brawny and double fisted son of Scotia, noted for his prowess in many a knock down and drag out argument, when such arguments were a necessity as they sometimes were in that locality. No one knew more regarding this than did Sandy McDougall himself and of the clan McDougall in general.

Sandy's method of conducting the services were quite proper and orthodox, but when Sandy came to the sermon he had a way peculiarly his own, at least, so the story goes.

"Ma dear brethren and seesters," Sandy announced. "I ha bin axed be our b'lued pastor to conduce' tha sar-vices durin' tha lassitude o' his indeposition. I prasume ye a' ken that a McDougall id be the ane caad on for ta fill sick a rasponsible poseetion."

After the hymn he had given out had been sung, Brother Hector McDougall was called on to lead in prayer, after which Sandy announced that his text would be taken from that portion of Holy Writ that recounts the slaying of Goliath by David. As he read his text he expatiated on the bravery displayed by young David, after this fashion:

"Ma dear hearers, I prasume that mony o' ye are aware o' tha fac' that wee David's name was McDougall. Larned men wi who I ha conversed all concur, that joo ta a geographical error this fac' has been overlooked. Ye all weel ken that wee Davey's faathers name wor Jesse. We ha a Jesse McDougall in tha kirk wi us tha day. We ha also wi us tha day, Davey McDougall, a leenial da-cendant o' tha Davey mentioned in oor text. Tha Scrip-turs tell us that this big braw brute Goliath went aroun' throwin' oot his chist an' thumpin' it like yon roarin' howlin' goreela; that he wint bangin' aroun' tauntin' tha neebors that he cud clean up tha whole bunch, oor tex tells us tha beeg brute got chesty ane day an' wint roarin' like a bull o' bashon (whatever kin' iv a quadthrooped that is)

an' threatenin' ta start a 'rough house' an' clane up tha whole community. Wee Davey we are tol' in oor lesion iv tha day, comes along wi' a bit sling and tho a wee bairn, tha McDougall in his bluid coldna stan' tha braggin' o' tha brute, so pickin' up a sma stane he fits it til his sling wi a whirl or twa, away gangs tha stane an' gangin' troo ta tha marrk hits tha dom beeg domineerin' brute twixt tha ees an' all bets were off."

Kaiser Bill—Beware of the Black Watch, they're Scotch.

PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST

Pick the Winner

Pessimist and Optimist, while walking met one day.
Pessimist sighed deeply and ta Optimist did say:
Thar ain't no wheat nor taters, en I've heard thar
ain't a bean,

It's tha gloomiest sitiuation that ever I has seen.
In cose we hev if sugar beets en other hot house stuff,
Six hundred thousand millyun tons, but shucks that
ain't enough.

Ole man Optimist he snickered, an' ta Pessimist he
sed:

Things id be a good deal worser, if we war sick abed,
Ef our critters all hed lumpy jaw, our hosses all hed
bots.,

Our hogs all hed hog kollera an' our chickens chicken-
pox,

Our kiddies all hed measles, our wife tie dulleroo.
I'm free to say I'd ax yeh, what air we goin' ta do—
But stick a pin in this my fren'. Its a solemncholy
fact,

But once we die and when we do, we stay long dead
at that.

F. E. B.

ONE DAY AT A TIME

One day at a time! that's all it can be:
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And the days have their limits, however we
Begin them too early or stretch them too late.

One day at a time; every heart that aches
Knowing only too well how long they can seem,
But its never a day which the spirit breaks—
It's the darkened future without a gleam.

One day at a time! when joy is at height—
Such joy as the heart can never forget
And pulses are throbbing with wild delight,
How hard to remember that suns may set.

One day at a time! but a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length:
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That according to each shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life,
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein,
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife
The only countersign sure to win.

Anon.

POINTERS FREE

From Sam of Carolina, to Pete from Tennessee

Hello Pete! yo suah look good
In dem Kaky clos', I des knowed yo would.
Squar up dem sholdahs, see—des lak me,
. I done bin yer three weeks yo see;
Shake off dat hump yo got cotton pickin',
Trow out dat chist, lak a bantam chicken.
Pull in dat paunch, hol' up dat chin.
Put on dat look dat say "we win."
When we goes "somewar" to fight dem boches,
Dat's bin so cocksure, an' dam atrocious,
We mak dem tink when dey see us fight,
For da whol' dam bunch it is "good night."
When dat sargent shout lak dis, "Comp'ny 'tention"—
Just 'member what I gwine ta mention.
Eyes front, mean look straight ahead,
Es stiff'es starch, alive, not dead.
Sholdah Ahms means, do lak dis,
Od'ah Ahms mean, do lak dat.
When I come yer—I didn't know
'Till da sargent show me how.

F. E. B.

"OVER HERE" AND "OVER THERE"

The compiler of these pages, while no family ties have been broken by this beastly war, simply because he is the last of his line, yet feels as deeply interested in his family of good, bright, brainy boys with whom he corresponds, as if family ties bound him to them, and he embraces this opportunity to call the attention of "all whom it may concern," to the fact that the majority of the boys "over there" are very, very human, and need all the encouragement it is possible for those they left behind them to give them. Keep a letter or a bunch of newspaper clippings on the road to them at least once a week. Let the clippings be along the lines you know they are most interested in. Base ball scores, scrapping matches and any thing you think would interest the very "creme de la creme" of red-blooded American boys, who are an honor not only to their families, but an honor to every American under "the Flag" that floats over us. *Cut out gloom*, this is "a fight to a finish." They are proving worthy of you; prove by your actions that you are worth fighting for. Show them that "blood is thicker than water." Imagine if you can, the horrors those boys are fighting so heroically to defend you from. *Gloat over the fact that such men and boys deem you worth fighting for*, and when that seeps into your inner consciousness, go down in your jeans and come across with every dollar you can spare that will show them that we are a nation of thoroughbreds and not willing to let them do it all. Every dollar over cost of this edition of "Hell In An Uproar" will be donated to Red Cross and kindred associations by

THE COMPILER.
F. E. B.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ATROCITIES? Kaiser Shares It With His People and All Deserve Punishment

BY PHELAN FYNE,

Special Correspondent of The Detroit Free Press

Atrocities have been perpetrated in Belgium, France, Serbia, Russia, Rumania, Poland, Albania, Italy, Armenia, and elsewhere by German military officers and men, or by German orders or consent. Instances are so numerous that to record them all would require many more than the volumes already printed about them. They have everywhere been so uniformly wreaked as to be recognized as a settled policy if there were no German advocacy of frightfulness on land and sea to prove the point. Now, who is responsible for this policy of atrocities?

Frederic R. Coudert, New York authority on international law, is quoted as asserting that the German high command is wholly responsible for the cruelties that have made this war so horrible. He declared hideous crimes of individual violence that were no part of the general policy of repression by frightfulness have occurred, and the perpetrators of these crimes should be punished, but the major guilt lies with the high command, the members of which should be held to responsibility as a condition of peace.

Dr. Muhlin, the German who gave up his \$100,000 a year job as a director of the Krupp cannon factory and went into exile in Switzerland to be able to tell the truth without having his throat cut for his pains, has said this:

"The Germany emperor himself, in a harangue to a party of officers, declared in effect that he now has prisoners enough and hopes the officers will see that no more are taken. * * * What a sequel to the Kaiser's own command in earlier days to the troops about to start on

the Chinese expedition: "No quarter will be given!"

An officer told him that in Belgium, in August, 1914:

"Our soldiers have already taken to looting and pilaging to a very serious extent. * * * The soldiers have become brutalized. As they have incessantly fired upon the population and ravaged ever so many villages, they have pretty well lost all sense of proportion."

Not a voice that has made itself heard has been raised in Germany since the outbreak of the war in protest against the policy of atrocities. Prisoners of war have been shown no kindnesses even by stealth by anybody in Germany.

These collated facts are sufficient to warrant the conclusion that barbarity is indorsed by both Kaiser and people, by both civil and military authorities, and by soldiers and civilians. Now, let Mr. Coudert make the application:

"I think, in principle," said Mr. Coudert, "that there should be an international tribunal to punish offenses against the laws of war, those laws of humanity which civilized nations have believed should prevail, even in times of war. If the belligerent cannot be trusted to punish for such crimes, and in the case of Germany they were part of the governmental policy and the military philosophy, then the peace conference should make an arrangement for the investigation of charges and punish men where the guilt is found."

H. H. Windsor, in an editorial in Popular Mechanics, urges that the punishment be made to fit the crimes of Germany, and says: "As the first condition to peace, there should be taken from Germany all her dangerous weapons of warfare. All battleships, submarines, and ships of war. All weapons and remaining ammunition of her armies. All machinery used in the construction and manufacture of same."

COLOSSAL CALAMITY IN IMMATURE PEACE

Americans Awake to This Peril Demand a Permanent Settlement.

BY H. H. WINDSOR,

In Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Steadily, but with progress so insidious and slow as to be at times unnoticed, the storm approached our own shores and homes, until it reached our very doors. Now that an unscrupulous enemy lies in wait to sink hospital ships bearing our own nurses and wounded; drops bombs on our own hospitals behind the lines, and in its effort to subjugate the nations of the world is responsible for the casualty lists that face us daily, do we slowly begin to absorb and comprehend that feeling of indignation and hate which permeates to the remotest corner of the lands of our allies. We at last begin slowly to realize the colossal calamity of an immature peace. Until the cancer has been cut out to its last fiber, until the Thing has been utterly crushed, it were vain to even think of peace.

For the present, then, civilization has but one effort, one purpose, and that is to win the war, but when the day comes in which to consider the terms of peace, may we think with deliberation and soberness, and not forget its awful cost, and the necessity and responsibility of a right and lasting settlement.

INTERNERD GERMAN IN SERIOUS PICKLE

Nowhere But in Germany Will He Be Able to Live After
Teuton Defeat.

BY EARL OF DERBY

There are some people who think—that there may be some people who hope—that Britain will be able to shake hands with the Germans after the war and go on with trade.

There were some foes in past history who fought cleanly with whom we were able afterwards to make up our differences. I hope and believe that in Britain nobody will ever forget, either in their own lifetime or to hand down to their children's children, the memory of the sort of fighting that the German has indulged in.

Do not let us forget it after the war, and let us hope that some of those gentlemen who are now, or who are being, interned may find that they have a happier home on the other side of the water in Germany than they are likely to have in Britain after the war.

I am perfectly certain that this war has been a revelation to one and all as to the amount of peaceful penetration into our businesses which the Germans had obtained. Well, we have obtained the information, obtained it in time, and I sincerely hope that peace, when it comes, will not find us as unprepared as war did when it came, to fight the battle of commerce with the Germans after the war.

BEFORE THA FURRINER SHWUNG THE PICK

A Lamentation.

In the days before tha furriner
Shwung tha shovels an' the picks,
An' ivery railroad built,
Was built by honest Micks.
Things wuz thin far different,
An' money it wint free,
Fer sure as ever pay-day kem
Tha boys wint on a shpree.

Chorus—

Thin hurroo boys, hurroo,
Tha money it ud fly,
For every mother's son av thim
Was a broth av a boy.
No millyunaire cud hit tha pike
An' go at sich a clip,
As tha boys that built the railroads
Afore tha furriners shwung tha pick.

Whin tha day's worrk it was over
An' aich man he tuk a shmoke,
Around tha ould camp-fire,
An' tha story, song an' joke
Wint flashin' 'round tha circle,
Sure 'twas thin y'd see tha grin
That opened up tha cavity
Just up above aich chin.

There war Flannigans an' Brannigans,
 Wid Foley an' Gillfoil,
There was Mulligan an' Hoolihan
 Both fresh fr'm Erin's Isle.
Wid O'Halleran, O'Callahan,
 O'Shaughnessy, O'Toole,
As fine a lot iv tarriers
 Ez ever shwung a tool.

Aich county in ould Oirland
 Was riprisinted there,
Athlone, Armagh an' Anthrim,
 There wor min fr'm everywhere.
An' whin yez mintion men, d'yeh moind,—
 I'd not shwap tha scrawniest Mick,
Fer tha liveliest luckin' furriner
 That ever shwung a pick.

F. E. B.

UNPREPAREDNESS

One time on the floor of a dance hall or what the denizens of the wild and wooly west used to call a hurdy gurdy, in Las Vegas, N. M., a gentleman with two 44-calibre gatlings neatly festooned round his hips, took umbrage at another gentleman whom he thought was getting too gay with the girl of his choice. The green-eyed monster, "Jealousy," finally got beyond his control, and taking the quid of tobacco from his mouth he hurled it with much vehemance at the offending but festive youth, hitting him in the eye with it. The gentleman so rudely awakened from his dream of bliss, being unprepared for such rudeness, mildly remonstrated, saying the act was more atrocious for the fact that the gentleman with the artillery was aware of the fact that he never used tobacco in any form. More than once this little incident has been recalled by me, when reading the mouthings of yellow-streaked pacifists who were not looking for trouble, while the bully was.

F. E. B.

AIN'T IT AWFUL MABEL?

Very prim and proper was the old soul, with an outlook on life as narrow as her waist was broad. It was a decided shock to her to come into the kitchen one day and find her pretty parlor maid in a long and lingering embrace with a stranger. "Mary," she gasped, as she staggered up against the door, "Mary, t-t-tell that young man to l-l-let go of you!" "Tell him yourself please ma-am," replied the hand-maid coloring, "he is a perfect stranger to me."

IF

If treason were treated, as it should be,
And graft got a jolt in the neck,
Political shysters would be dumb as oysters,
Come down from their perches "By Heck."

Place-hunting sneaks, on a still hunt for pap,
With gall bags as big as ox bladders,
Would quick take a tumble and be very humble
If the rungs were knocked out of their ladders.

What a land this would be, if from graft it were
free,
Unimpoverished, united we'd stand,
A beacon for peace, a bulwark 'gainst war,
Could tell 'em all to come on and be-deleted.

DISCRIMINATION

Mr. Johnson (colored) whose wife had brought forth a set of triplets, was so delighted that he called in every speaking acquaintance he had and proudly showed them the little flock. Among others, his friend Rafferty, was invited in. Rafferty was a man noted for his deliberate methods of pronunciation due to an impediment in his speech, in fact Rafferty was a fluent stutterer. Rafferty gazed with awe for a moment or so at the little midgets, then realizing that courtesy demanded he show more interest in the exhibit, he pawed them over carefully and laying the fattest and chubbiest to one side, he pointed to it with the air of an expert and stuttered: "I'd k-k-keep t-t-that wan."

I TELL IT YOU AS 'TWAS TOLD TO ME

In a settlement far back from the haunts of the "madding crowd" a fatal accident befell a young chap, and, as they wanted to give him a good send-off, it was decided to put a name plate on the rough casket. As the locality had no one capable of painting the plate, it was decided to compromise by simply putting the age of the decedent on, but here again it was found that no one was capable of making the figures 28 that would pass muster, until one bright mind suggested that any ijit could make a 7 and as four times 7 made 28 they could get by. This was done, and as a solemn visaged old prospector was seen approaching astride a diminutive mule with a little burro waddling along packed with the prospector's outfit, he was hailed and everything explained to him excepting the name plate. He was a typical Irishman, one of the kind that rather prided himself on his forensic ability. He was called on to say a few words. "My dear friends," said he, "we are called together apon this solemn occasion to speake a few words over tha ramains av our frind who has bin taken from our midst so suddenly. Tha occasion is more solemner due ta tha fac' that our frin' was taken from us at tha early age av—" Here to refresh his memory he glanced at the 7777—"Holy shmoke," said he, "he was borrn before the flood."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS OVERLOOKS A BET

A Tale of the Far West

Enroute from Calgary to Edmonton, an affable middle aged German got aboard at Red Deer and took a seat beside me. During the conversation that ensued, when asked if he lived in Red Deer, "No," said he, "I belong in Ameriga."

"What part?" I asked.

"Oh, you voulden know id," he replied, "I'm fon Mizzouri, fon a place called San Looey."

"Shake," said I, "I used to steamboat between St. Louis and New Orleans, know St. Louis from Bremen to Carondolet."

"Vas dot so!" said he. "I live by Breman (a suburb). Shage," and he grabbed my hand and shook it with ardor.

"Do you know?" he added, "ven I gose back by Breman und dells mein frients vat a fine coundrys dese iss, dey von't believe id, und py yimminy vat I vonders at meinseluff iss, why Kristopher Kolumpess don't discoverd id ven he diskover Mizzouri."

F. E. B.

To change the subject, Horace Walpole tells us:

Life is a comedy to those who think,

A tragedy to those who feel.

While someone else tells us

It is better to smoke here than hereafter.

H. C. of L. reminds most of us that

In the midst of life we are in debt.

But

The man who tells you of all his troubles becomes one of yours.

That a man had better think twice before he speaks, then talk to himself.

DECEIT

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villian with a smiling face,
A goodly apple rotten to the core.

Shakespeare.

If Mr. S. had not crossed the "Big Divide" so long ago, one would infer he meant Kaiser Bill.

Samuel Johnson tells us

The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt 'til they are too strong to be broken.—P. S.—It seems too bad the "Beast of Berlin" got the habit of thinking he was "the whole works." It is up to us to break him of it, with a jolt in the neck.

True hope is swift and flys with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods and meaner creatures kings.

P. S.—Probably written before kings were going into
the discard.

For pacifists

Our doubts are traitors,
And makes us lose the good we oft
By fearing to attempt might win.

Shakespeare.

—
INGRATITUDE

There is not any one vice incident to the mind of man
against which the world has raised such a loud and uni-
versal outcry as against ingratitude.

Southern.

Stand up and be counted, please.

—
*A chapter or two devoted to poetical quotations
from Grave to Gay, from Lively to Severe.*

SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATIONS

Fear

Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.

Fop

The soul of this man is in his clothes.

Fortitude

Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate,
To grace it with your sorrow; bid that welcome,
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly.

Fortune

When fortune means to men most good
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.

Friend

Who, in want, a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him an enemy.

Grave

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No voice, but silence and eternal sleep.

Greatness

Some are born great:—some achieve greatness;—
Some have greatness thrust upon them.

Grief

A plague of sighing and grief! It
Blows a man up like a bladder,
Softens the mind and makes it degenerate.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive
For things that are not to be remedied.

*A chapter or two devoted to poetical quotations from
Grave to Gay, from Lively to Severe.*

DESPAIR

Despair was never yet so deep,
In sinking as in seeming:
Despair is hope just dropped to sleep,
For better chance of dreaming.

Southey,

A TOAST

Here's a health to all that we love,
Here's health to all that love us,
Here's health to all those that love them,
That love those that love them that love us.

Archbishop Dennison.

A LITTLE GEM SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE WORK OF A MANIAC

Probably the mass of prison poetry which has been written on stools and cot stands and scratched on prison walls, exceeds that which has found expression on paper and many a "mute inglorious Milton" has begun and finished his career with these lost to sight productions, the following lines are said to have been scratched by a maniac on the wall of his cell:

"Could I with ink the ocean fill,
Were all the world of parchment made,
Were every reed on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God alone,
Would drain that ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky."

While comparisons are said to be odious—from the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, one of the most frequently quoted books extant, we quote without comment.

XLI X

'Tis all a chequer-board of nights and days
Where destiny with men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves and mates and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

L

The ball no question makes of ayes and noes,
But right or left, as strikes the player goes;
And he that toss'd thee down into the field,
He knows about it all—he knows—he knows.

LI

The moving finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy piety nor wit,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it.

LII

And that inverted bowl we call the sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to it for help—for it
Rolls impotently on as thou or I.

A little health, a little wealth
A little home and freedom:
With some few friends for certain ends,
But little cause to need 'em.

Anon.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Question—What is the difference between a crooked politician and a sneak thief.

Answer—None.

Question—To what do you attribute the H. C. of L.

Answer—Graft.

Question—If the Pilgrim Fathers could look up from their graves or could hear the pleas of vote hunting pacifists, in your opinion would they extol their merit or, what?

Answer—Roll over.

Question—What does the prefix, Hon., we sometimes see before names, stand for?

Answer—In some cases it should stand for Rats.

Question—Do you believe “a stitch in time saves nine.”

Answer—Look over the back track.

Question—What keeps some churches empty?

Answer—Ask a phrenologist.

Question—In a “melting pot,” such as the U. S. has been called, what should be done with refractory ores that won’t fuse?

Answer—Chuck ‘em out and put the mines they came from taboo.

CHAP. 31, "OVER THE HURDLES"

By F. E. B.

"A WILD GOOSE CHASE"

Being Postmaster and having several mail routes to distribute mail to, I was busy one morning when Scotty, who had the Gentile Valley route, arrived. Scotty was a man that always put me in mind of Sir Walter Scott's Roderick Dhu.

Gentile Valley, by the way, had a nearly solid Mormon population.

I heard Scotty and some of the prospectors that used to toast their shins at a big box stove in the store yammering over a couple of specimens of quartz. Scotty was inclined to be sarcastic, and, said he, passing them around, why dinna ye bring in rock like yon, ye sit here toastin' yer shins an whin ye da gang oot, come back wi specimens o' rock that wud na do til bild a pig pen wi.

His specimens evoking very favorable comments, I got interested. Where did you get 'em Scotty? I asked.

I got em in tha Mink Creek country, said he.

This section was some forty miles from where we were, and while a broken rugged section that might prove rich in mineral, it never had, and some of the boys around the stove claimed to have prospected it mighty close.

Scotty, in a tantalizing mood, due as I thought to his long dreary drive of sixty miles, went on, ye'er alers goin ta set tha world afire whin tha noos gits oot aboot yer wonderfu finds, en thots ez far ez ye gits, ye brings in specimens o' rock as wouldna show a color ta a ton, an blows yer sells ta git it assayed doon ta Salt Lake Ceety, whin it wad pay ye better ta be sayin yeer prayers. Why dinna ye prospec' fer rock like yon, as he fondled it before wrapping it up with ostentatious care.

On being plied with questions as to where he found it, he for a minute or so treated the questioner with silent contempt, finally loosening up to the extent of admitting he had got it not more nor forty miles away.

I had taken no part in the conversation up to this point, but seeing Scotty evidently on the point of leaving, I chipped in, with, Say, Scotty, I stand in don't I?

I dinna ken whether ye da or na, Freddie ma boy,

pre'haps iv ye hev ony gelt, I've been speerin for yon soart iv rock mony's the lang day. An I'm figgerin it's nigh aboot time me name war changed to summit more nor Scotty an me okipation from bein' a one horse mail contractor ta bein a gentleman iv leezure. Mony's the time I've pictered maself walkin the streets iv auld Edinbro toon wi' a silk dicer on me cranium an the pockets ov me bulging out wi' yellow boys. I'm feelin nigher it noo nor I ever was afore, since I left old Scotia, even if I have na got the price for what ud wet ma whustle. Hev ye got the deesposition ta buy, Fred?

Why yes, said I, I will go you once if I loose. And as we went down to the row factory, he threw his arm lovingly across my shoulder and assured me that he always intended that I should stand in, and under the inspiration of a couple of hookers of coffin varnish, he imparted to me the fact, that on his last trip the Mormon Bishop had entrusted him with Twenty Dollars to take to a rancher on his route, but he had spent the money and although he knew he could square himself by imparting to the Bishop the information he was so desirous I should have, he was loath to do so, knowing the Mormon Church frowned on anything that tended to bring Gentiles into that section.

As I knew this to be the case, and was as anxious that Gentiles should come in as the Mormon Church was to keep them out, I readily told him I would lend him Twenty Dollars to square himself. So profuse was he of his thanks that he was slobbery, and assured me that now, as he had no need for further *worritting*, he would go at once and make a rough sketch of the route and location of the ledge, etc.

As I was leaving him he called me back and putting his finger on his lips he cautioned me that mum was the word. How'll ye be goin?, said he.

I named a couple I would like to take with me, one of them a Texan known as a bad man with a gun when riled up and very quick on trigger. To this one, Scotty so strongly objected that I passed him up. I picked on two others that had good horses and knew good ore when they saw it, and with Scotty's specimen in my pocket and his assurance that he would loose no time in sketching location and best way to reach it, I felt at peace with all the world, and blushingly accepted the congratualtions of my two

friends on my adroitness in loosening Scotty up and securing the sample.

My friends were both good mountaineers and prospectors.

When Scotty brought the map, it was a very creditable piece of work, and as Johnnie Holland, one of my friends, said, worth its weight in gold.

So sure were we of the future that Hy said he reckoned he would go to breeding Clyde horses, while I, though I said nothing, hoped to be able to put a crimp in the Mormon Church that would make them sorry they had established their "New Stake of Zion," (as they called each additional settlement they succeeded in whipping into line) in such close proximity to me.

I had a hay ranch out about two miles from the little town, on which I had built a good log house, and we settled on this for a rendezvous. The boys were to take grub, blankets, etc., out there and when people were settling down for the night I was to saddle up and we would all start from there. This we did.

The night was starlit and we were making good progress when Hy said he knew of an old Indian trail that would cut off several miles and give us a good place to ford Bear River, a swift running river that headed up in the Wasatch Range, and had a bad reputation for swift current and few places where it could be safely forded. He did not think it impracticable, however.

We took it and after floundering through bogs, tumbling into and climbing out of canyons, bear wallows and gulches, morning found us huddled on the banks of Bear River, at a place where fording was most dangerous.

Anxiety to reach the Eldorado of Scotty's map urged us to cross at all hazards. The river bed we could see was composed of large cobble stones and boulders, making bad footing for our horses. Swollen by fall rains, it was a dangerous proposition. After several attempts, finding something must be done to brace up our pack horse, (our camp outfit made him somewhat top heavy), we finally fastened our lariats together, securing the center of the line thus made to the down stream side of the animal, one going ahead and one behind holding this line as taut as possible, it helped to prevent him being swept off his feet. It fell to my lot to lead the pack horse and keep my horse,

a good chunky built Oregon horse, as close as possible on the upper side, so as to break the force of the current. After several attempts we succeeded, but, "I won't go there any more."

Once across, wet, cold and hungry, we lit a fire, got breakfast, fed and rubbed down our horses, that the ice cold water had put to shivering so that they could not eat, and after a few hours rest we started, consoling ourselves with that old worn out "saw," "A bad beginning makes a good ending."

As the day advanced, a cold drizzling rain set in, and three disgruntled prospectors traveled the wilds of Idaho that day.

The morning of the second day out found us scouring the range of mountains designated on Scotty's map. We had no great difficulty in locating the bald mountain. The cedar buttes, the gulch where beavers had built a dam, or any of the other land marks Scotty had so deftly marked on his map, which evidenced the fact that he must have been well acquainted with his subject, but look as carefully as we might no quartz resembling in the slightest the specimen given me by Scotty. Finding everything else so true to his description, we were loathe to lay the blame on him, and again and again we clambered over mountain, gulch and canyon. I can see them yet.

We became disgusted at last. We did secure some specimens of low grade ore and located a couple of claims though.

As sleet and wet snow began again, to make further search was useless, the ground beginning to get covered.

If it is true, as it has been said, that when the left ear burns one is talking bad of you, Scotty's left ear about this time must have been in such a condition as would have made an ear muff a superfluity.

As we were saddling up, ready for a start homewards, a bunch of prospectors were seen coming, evidently outfitted to make a prolonged stay. Among them were the elite of the little Burg. As they approached us we smothered our wrath, as it dawned upon us that there were other blooming chumps in Idaho. On reaching us they were wild to know how long we were ahead of them, the show for locations, etc. As their eyes bulged out at our guarded hints as to the inexhaustible riches that had lain hidden in

the bowels of that villianous old bald mountain for ages on top of ages, in fact since Adam was a kid, as Hy put it, it was laughable to see the doctors, a lawyer, a Congregational missionary and the others unsaddling and unpacking with tremulous haste.

As we made no offer to show any of the croppings from our locations, they finally broached the subject more pointedly. To this we merely pointed to the pack animal already cinched up preparatory to our start, told them that we did not want to make any idle display of our wealth. To do so now would be premature, we preferred to wait for returns from Salt Lake City as to the richness of the ore. Here, one after the other, we exhibited a piece of Scotty's sample, having divided it up on our arrival. Just as good ore as ours was (and we pointed to the sack on the pack horse) was no doubt left in the mountain. All we asked was that our stakes and monuments would be respected.

Now gentlemen, it is up to you to get busy, and they did. Before they started I said to one of them, say Doc, how did you get next?

We were informed that Scotty had hired a young fellow to take a trip for him and had got himself a couple of lead pencils over at my store and had opened up a lithographing factory in one corner of the saloon. Each map sold, it was insisted on by him, was to insure him an interest in the claim located.

As we left, the woods was full of men looking for "the root of all evil," and as we saw them it had a tendency to make us let up on our tirade at Scotty.

On our return, my brother, who was U. S. Attorney, with as long a face as he could make of his generally smiling one, handed me a very legal looking document, stamps cancelled, date mark partly obliterated. Opening it with more or less care, while he watched me soberly, I read a scrawl from Scotty, as follows:

Freddie ma boy, the post office department dis na want its servants to gang awa from their job an leave it to tha custody iv *straingers*. I telt ye na lie, tha ledge I got yon speciment fra was three feet thick an as deep as a box car is wide. I tuk it fra a U. P. Car 1967 over til tha deepo, a sheepment from Butte, Montana, ta tha smelters at

Salt Lake City. I'll gie ye yer \$20.00 when I git
ma allowance. Yours truly, SCOTTY.

The Scotch reptile, I muttered to H. M. B., who was
glancing over my shoulder and grinning.
Stung. —

F. E. B.

GONE IN THE WIND

Solomon! Where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind,
Babylon! Where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the
blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.
Man! Canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy
mind,
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind,
Though there be enthroned bright actions embalmed and
enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.
Solomon! Where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind,
Babylon! Where is thy might? It is gone in the wind,
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.
Say, what is Pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined,
Science? An almond whereof we can pierce but the rind,
Honor and affluence? Firmans that fortune hath signed,
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.
Solomon! Where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind,
Babylon! Where is thy might? It is gone in the wind,
Who is the fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined,
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind.
Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined,
Woe to the miners of truth—where the lampless have
mined,
Woe to the seekers on earth for—what none ever find,
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the
wind.
Solomon! Where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind,
Babylon! Where is thy might? It is gone in the wind,
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned,
All earths affections and longings and cares to the wind.

Anon.

BARNEY'S COURTSHIP

Now boys quit yer tazing,
Sure it's meself I am plazing,
Whin I goes a coorting
Tha widda McGlone.
Oi'm tha gossoon will marry her,
An' bad seran ta tha tarrier
Sez a word ferninst me
Agin widda McGlone.
Sure her firsht husband Mike,
He med a ten shtrike,
Buildin' sewers fer tha city,
Did Misther Michael McGlone.
An' Oi am quite willin'
Ta share ivry shillin'
Mike lef' ta his widda,
Swate widda McGlone.
Av coarse, she have a timper,
But oi'l never whimper
Av oi kin shtep inta
Tha shoes av McGlone.
Fer while Oim lightenen' her sorra,
Oi think Oi kin borra
Anough ta quit work on
Fr'm ould widda McGlone.
Phwisht, a shloight intheruption,
An' widout inthroduction,
Thru a door av nex' room
Shtopped tha widda McGlone.
Sure she'd heard ivery wurrd,
Barney flew like a burrd,
An' his coortship w'z kiboshed
Av Mistress Michael McGlone.

F. E. B.

REITERATION

A dear old lady was the owner of a parrot. Some one had taught Poll to say in season and out of season whenever the lady was around, "I wish the old lady was dead." This at last became unbearable and the lady in desperation called on her minister and unfolded her tale of woe. The preacher after listening sympathetically, advised her that he had a parrot exceptionally bright and whose vocabulary was free from any expressions of a vulgar or ribald nature and he thought that as evil communications are said to corrupt good manners, and it was said to be a poor rule that would not work both ways, they would keep the two parrots in his house for a time while the old lady went on a visit. Enquiries re the result being satisfactory the old lady on her return home hastened to the minister's to get her pet, and just in time to hear Poll say: "I wish the old lady was dead," while the minister's parrot piously asked, "Lord, hear our prayer."

WHEN "THE STARRY FLAG" WAS AN EMBLEM DEAR

In days of merry long ago,
When Americans were brothers.
When the "Starry Flag" was an emblem dear,
And loved beyond all others.
(Ere beastly hydra-headed war
In countries 'cross the sea)
Had made this world a hell on earth
Of neighbors—enemies.
Had thrown its slimy feelers out,
It's spies and sneaking traitors,
To sow distrust and jealousy,
'Mongst families, friends and neighbors,
Hun vermin serfs are bad enough
Yet merit not the scorn
Due pro-German politicians (who menace)
The land where they were born.

Mar. 15. 1915.
F. E. B.

GERMAN

If we could all speak or understand German we would be far less like blind men at a moving picture show. F. E. B.

ON THE TABLETS OF MY MEMORY

With Variations

On the tablets of my memory,
There's a picture, dear, of thee,
'Tis with me night and morning,
Where'er my wanderings be.
In my dreams I oft caress it,
Fondly press it to my lips,
E'en to kiss the shadow picture,
Yields unutterable bliss.

As I fondly scan each feature,
Catch the smile on dimpled cheek,
Recall the silvery laughter,
That rippled from your lips.
Life to me seems far more joyous,
Care much easier to bear,
Won't you send in your next letter
A little lock of hair.

You need not cut an armful,
Just a little lock will do,
And I'll put it for safe-keeping
In the bottom of my shoe.
For I've corns and bunions awful,
And the walking is not good,
I am walking from, not to you,
Would not go back, if I could.

F. E. B.

SWIPED

*From JACK KANUCK, Nerviest Paper in Canada,
Toronto*

THE PRUSSIAN BEAST

We used to call you Fritz at first, before we knew your ways,
But now Blonde beast, or Boche, or Hun for you are terms of praise.
Our English is too clean a tongue to find a title true
For so unspeakable a swine, so vile a thing as you.

Search as we may from A to Z, where can we find a name
To show the loathing and contempt, the shrinking, sicken-
ing shame,
The scorn, the horror, the disgust, the sense of mean dis-
grace,
That fills us when we think of you and all your German race?

How shall we name your Vons and Herrs, your coarse-
bodied Huns,
Your false unknightly Kaiser and his brood of thieving sons.
Your heavy-jowled ambassadors, so skilled in fraud and lies,
And all your gross ill-mannered hordes of Kultur-spread-
ing spies?

You cruel, treacherous, lecherous curs, who vent your coward spite
On helpless boys and grey-haired men, too old or weak to fight.
On maidens forced to serve your lusts, then cast aside to die,
On little children whom your heroes maim and crucify.

Who, when the meek, heroic Nurse was martyred by your bands.

Spread the glad news from mouth to mouth and clapped your bloody hands,

And still amongst your field grey lads the gallant story tell Of how before the Prussian might an English lady fell.

You types of Prussian chivalry, whose paid assassins slew The stout sea Captain who had dared to face your pirate crew—

Your pirates who had laughed to watch the babes and mothers drown, But whined for pity when their victim turned to run them down.

And these, your vile degraded Squaws, who, gathered as nurses, scoff

And spit and sneer at wounded men, and tear their dressings off,

These sexless, base, unlovely brutes—to call them women would

Be foulest libel on the fame of gentle womanhood.

How shall we name these ghouls who dare to don the secret Sign

Of Mercy, Love, and Sacrifice, of tenderness Divine.

Who give the thirsty—gall to drink, the hungry—stones for bread,

And bending o'er the sick man's couch, hiss curses on his head.

Your crimes deserve one name alone, so hideous, so obscene,

That decent lips in speaking it feel shameful and unclean: The name of "Prussian," loathed and scorned on every land and sea,

And with that name, while time shall last, your race will branded be.

THE PROMISE THAT YOU MADE ME

When last we strolled along the shore,
You remember Elinore?
And the promise that you made me
 In the gloaming.
To me it's been a beacon bright
Ever since that starlit night,
Has that promise that you made me
 In the gloaming.

When I left you darling then
At our country's call for men,
To rally with my comrades
'Round "Old Glory."
Though our parting it was sad,
Still your promise made me glad,
That promise that you made me
 In the gloaming.

Since that parting I've been true
To my country, dear and you,
And the promises I made you
 In the gloaming.
And my earnest heartfelt prayer
Is, that again I may be where
You made that whispered promise
 In the gloaming.

F. E. B.

WHEN THE JIG IS UP

When the jig is up and we pass on,
To that undiscovered bourne,
From whence we're credibly informed.
No travelers ere return.—
May we so live, so "play the game"
That when we cross the Styx,
There will be no mob to greet us
With cobble stones and bricks.
And on the slab above us
May they carve this epitaph,
He played the game by "the Golden Rule,"
Met his finish with a laugh.

F. E. B.



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NOT

German Propaganda

In the pages of this book

If the covers don't convince you,
Just inside take a look.

Of German propaganda
For years we've had our fill,
Have heard it in the valley,
Have heard it on the hill,
Have had it hot for breakfast,
Though not on the bill of fare;
Have heard it on the street,
Have heard it everywhere.

It's time we got our hammer out
And, were not afraid to use it,
On Boche or Hun or anyone
Who got a welcome to our land
Simply to abuse it.

F. E. B.